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P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Anny Ballardini (Bolzano, Italy): Three-Part Poem

I. SUMMER STORM

switching off
second listen

listen
(deeper tone

eyes closed reminiscent of
heavy ticking thunders voices cracks chillness
swirling in shivers

long trees swaying
wind moving
the water

if you let yourself be hypnotized
eyes staring at leaves
two by two one on the other gushing into
green fishes wheezing
their voices swimming in the space
once ocean

lulled by sound
whispered vision

if at night
new shapes shearing horizons

Editor:
- Adam Fieled

Artist Posts

- Adam Fieled (editor, Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvani...
- From Poetry (2005)
- Leonard Cohen (Montreal, Quebec): from Beautiful L...
- Chris McCabe (London, UK): "Premeet"
- Chris McCabe (London, UK): from Progress Poems
- P.F.S.: Nine Paintings 2
- P.F.S.: Nine Paintings
- Mary Walker Graham (Boston/Virginia, USA): "On the...
- William Allegrezza (Indiana, USA): "distances"
- Barnaby Smith (New South Wales, Australia): "Dockl...

Contributors

- Adam Fieled

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Archives

October 2005 November 2005 December 2005 January 2006 February 2006 March 2006 April 2006 May 2006 July 2006 August 2006 January 2007 February 2007 March 2007 April 2007 May 2007 June 2007 July 2007 August 2007 November 2007 December 2007 January 2008 February

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atemporal state
suspension

when hands are hands
and you enter your feet

rewrite

II. WHEN GOD-STORM HIT & FECUNDATED EARTH

Lightning brought knowledge of forms
Senses awoke

listen
(infinitesimal tone

Coaticlue closed her eyes
Thunder voiced cracking in chillness
breaking apart walls of clouds

long rain freed
breathing atoms
into cold water

as if hypnotized
myriads of new eyes staring
two by two…
etc. (from here see previous version)

rewrite

III. ELECTRIC STATE ENERGETIC

light slicing thick polluted cells
zigzagging through

looped
(change tone

2008 March 2008 April 2008 May 2008 June 2008 July 2008 October 2008 November 2008 December 2008 February 2009 March 2009 April 2009 May 2009 December 2009 July 2016 November 2016 January 2017 February 2017 June 2017 April 2020 May 2020 July 2020 September 2020 October 2020 February 2021 March 2021 June 2021 July 2021 December 2022 June 2023 August 2023 September 2023 October 2023 November 2023 December 2023 January 2024 February 2024 March 2024 April 2024 May 2024 June 2024 July 2024 September 2024 October 2024 November 2024 December 2024 January 2025 February 2025 March 2025 April 2025 May 2025

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sight renewed
crash ‘n cold in waves
amplifying

freed new cells
rotating atoms
saturated with water

hypnotized
by ever-changing projected
Rorschach tests
beat at intervals of seconds, thirds, fourths, and fifths
liquid acoustic space
once ocean

sound
vision

at night
black on black

atemporal state
suspension

inside
breathing

rewrite

Andrew Lundwall (Beloit, Wisconsin, USA): Four Poems

* (UNTITLED)

the el diablo outhouses
of the village
blast reggae tonight
as the silent man strangles
the sidewalk intoxicated

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SOPHIE

sophie’s hands
reload my shadow
rewind my window
stoned in the afterglow
of a blue leopard’s eyes
soggy like so many moons
as bourbon babies emerge
from dated floral curtains
of next door bakery
bubbling doughy
unknowing
and across the street
groaning metallic
gruntworkers
wasted apostolic
black out beneath
the yellow flowing
midnight robe of
a meth-addicted monk

LAWN FLAMINGOS

my sister’s prophesies
usher in the gray rains
of coming circumcised autumn
in pornographic prayer
as the blood flower
of her boyfriend’s shadowy polaroid
sets fire to abandoned mattresses
of wilderness crashes a golf cart
into oblivion

lawn flamingos cringe

WHISTLER

the blind hands
of august weary

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of strangling stars
fall into the graffiti
of her moist lap

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P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Tammy Armstrong (Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada): Four Poems

AFFAIR WITH MY PARTNER AFTER SPRING HAIRCUT/SHAVE

This begins my affair:
this new face in our bed.

Fastidiousness spatchcocked
into shiftless lust
in a basement tavern
where the base boys
dance with undergrads
and we drink with blind date enthusiasm.

Treat me proverbial,
chalky with wine and newness,
bringing it all to bed
while he's away on a road trip.

This perennial hook-up
leaves alarm clocks,
toothbrush rituals in the margins.
Back story:
a much younger you,
a .12 gauge, a chipmunk.
The words don't matter at last call.

Take me home in the van—
a box of finishing nails
chattering

Editor:
- Adam Fieled

Artist Posts

- Adam Fieled (Henniker, New Hampshire): from Beams:...
- More from No Tell Motel
- from No Tell Motel
- from Borrowed House
- Tammy Armstrong (Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canad...
- From X-Peri
- More from Equations (Thesis: Julie Hayes)
- More from The Argotist Online (poetry archive)
- From The Argotist Online
- From Eyewear

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Archives

October 2005 November 2005 December 2005 January 2006 February 2006 March 2006 April 2006 May 2006 July 2006 August 2006 January 2007 February 2007 March 2007 April 2007 May 2007 June 2007 July 2007 August 2007 November 2007 December 2007 January 2008 February 2008 March 2008 April 2008 May 2008 June 2008 July 2008 October 2008 November 2008 December 2008 February 2009 March

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in the back,
a weeks worth of Globe and Mails
nested on the passenger seat.

If they ask, tell them.
Yes, we left the Chevron,
near the Tannery
around three—
a new pack of smokes
paid for from an ambitious wallet.
Clearly, single before tonight.

CALAMARI AND INK

We needed a memory
for a meal no one could finish.
Hooked index fingers into bowls of black—
cursive graffiti
along the dining room table.

Not contained on sponge pads,
cover charge bar stamps
the ink pooled cabaret make-up.
Not all offerings from the ocean are grand.

Squid like a boxed ear
swollen, cut
re-shaped into a gift,
an adjustable ring from a small town carnival
from a lover who doesn't know me well.
I'd marry if asked.

But these rings bloat the rice indigo
marring late night calligraphy
when we can't see how
we've outstayed another welcome.

REPARATIONS

We dressed too early for the funeral:

2009 April 2009 May 2009 December 2009 July 2016 November 2016 January 2017 February 2017 June 2017 April 2020 May 2020 July 2020 September 2020 October 2020 February 2021 March 2021 June 2021 July 2021 December 2022 June 2023 August 2023 September 2023 October 2023 November 2023 December 2023 January 2024 February 2024 March 2024 April 2024 May 2024 June 2024 July 2024 September 2024 October 2024 November 2024 December 2024 January 2025 February 2025 March 2025 April 2025 May 2025 June 2025 July 2025

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at the card table, third pot of coffee
killing time
with button talk,
how stitches never match eyelets
and you as small boy
taught in French how to repair a torn knee . . .

Thick fingered, you thread a needle
tighten each button on the suit jacket
tailored in Thailand
asking if the weave
is worn too shiny
from months in your backpack.

Hours from now I'll gather the suit
from the kitchen tiles—
stripped as though in flames.
I'll smooth the shoulder pads
to the wooden hanger,
align the buttons
while you stand, near naked,
in the living room,
Standard Muffler sign
our only light.

IRIS UNFOLDED

What to say except
you unfolded backwards,
bled out on the bathroom tiles.

The matador's thorned banderilla
into your temple:
pale shards
of pre-tempered windshield
the nurse combed from your scalp
forty years before.

Carnations tossed at odd angles
onto your wife's voice

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hovering in the bathroom
above the uneven grid of rumor.

You wanted to tell her
near the Tyvek wrapped garage
you'd shot a groundhog that morning,
hid the blood soil
from the kids
beneath a scout tent.

Where to go
but toward a red cape,
a matador standing on his shadow—
the unsuspected migraine
that thrusts your history
into a helix
Saturday Post obituary.

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P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Nick Moudry (Philadelphia, USA): "High noon"

I.
I never saw the bullet-
hole in Billy's skull.
I never saw Billy's body
stretched out along the desert.

I never heard the holy devil
music he spoke of this music
that hooks young people. I remember
how dark it was & how my whole body

wouldn't fit
behind the air compressor & I remember
his slurpee like a smear of moonlight on the cement.

II.
& the plastic dog on your book cover, Billy,
is burning & the cowboy on your book cover
is burning & his hat is burning & the woman
with the green shirt & the pink pants, she is
burning too, & the woman with the pink shirt
& the green pants is on fire & the book is on
fire & when I read it I'm on fire, & when I
touch it, my hands burn & your book is made
of pale, brown paper & the paper is on fire &
the shadow of your book is burning too.

III.
I cannot hear

Editor:
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Artist Posts

- Adam Fieled (editor, Philadelphia, USA): "On A Mar...
- Susan Wallack (Philadelphia, USA): "The Stranger"
- P.F.S. Post Anthology (USA, UK, Australia, Canada)...
- Vlad Pogorelov (San Francisco, USA): "No. 32"
- Interviews with the Editor (New Orleans, USA, Lond...
- Susan Wallack (Philadelphia, USA): "A Shoe Box The...
- Jeremy Eric Tenenbaum (Philadelphia, USA): "dear gr"
- Steve Halle (Illinois, USA): "yao"
- Adam Fieled (editor, Philadelphia, USA): "On A Party"
- Vlad Pogorelov (San Francisco, USA): "No. 105"

Contributors

- Adam Fieled

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October 2005 November 2005 December 2005 January 2006 February 2006 March 2006 April 2006 May 2006 July 2006 August 2006 January 2007 February 2007 March 2007 April 2007 May 2007 June 2007 July

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that same music the burning
people hear. I do
hear the music you'd whistle
at night while we were stretched
out in the sand & I do hear the desert
& the water in the desert, although
everything you say is a mirage.

IV.
I know more about Billy from being dead
than Billy from being alive.
Billy the Kid is a mixture
& a jangle that rattles the nerves.
You say, death is permanent
& while I don't disagree, I must say
it has been domesticated.
Billy, in your hideout
I bump into a snake.
Billy, in your hideout
is the skin of the drum.
Billy, our hideout
is a dream of pain. May I say to you,
my friend, there is no such person here.

V.
Billy the Kid, you thought it
was over. Billy the Kid,
you thought after the gunfight
after I had written the poem
it was over. I am here
to tell you there is blood inside
the statue yet. Billy, the cross
is moving. Billy, the Priest stole
the train. I have been given
orders to shoot anything that moves.
It is
not over. This
language that encased you & encases me.

VI.
You are sprawled out

2007 August 2007 November 2007
December 2007 January 2008 February
2008 March 2008 April 2008 May 2008 June
2008 July 2008 October 2008 November
2008 December 2008 February 2009 March
2009 April 2009 May 2009 December 2009
July 2016 November 2016 January 2017
February 2017 June 2017 April 2020 May
2020 July 2020 September 2020 October
2020 February 2021 March 2021 June 2021
July 2021

along the bottoms of all the rivers
& I can hardly wait
for the music to begin.
You are sprawled out along
the cement & the police are coming.
I have been given orders
to shoot anything that moves.
I don't know if I can save you.

VII.
I know you don't exist, yet continue
to ask, "Is there such a thing
as music & if so from where
does it come?" You told me
music comes from within,
but I am trying to sing
to keep myself calm.
I know you don't exist. I
ask you anyway.

Portions of this poem originally appeared in "Cant", "EM", and "Fourteen Hills." It was published as a print chapbook by Indivia in 2005, reviewed on Stoning the Devil in 2007.

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PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

***Waxing Hot, a poetics dialogue*: Steve Halle (Palatine, Illinois, USA) & Adam Fieled (Philly, USA)**

SH: Useful concepts. I want to respond on Keats' Negative Capability, which I think introduced several useful concepts into modern poetics, and also served as a birthplace for the non-lyric/non-Romantic (I guess what you'd call "post-avant") lineage alive in contemporary poetics. First, I view Keats as the odd Romantic, along with Shelley. Whereas Shelley validated the entry of politics into poetry, Keats rebelled against the first wave of Romantics by heightening the power of the imagination and downplaying Wordsworth's "egotistical sublime."

The imaginative poetry Keats penned allowed for oddly juxtaposed words; in his Odes, *Nightingale* & *Grecian Urn*, for example; in order to create a reflection of his state of mind. Even though these two poems work in a highly stylized and rhetorical way, they reflect on Keats' consciousness— the power of imagination and the untranslatable power of the mind to hold disparate concepts without struggle. The idea of negative capability is also (ironically) an example of negative capability because neither Keats, nor anyone since, has presented, as far as I know, a good reason why some people embrace mystery and some people need closure.

"Indeterminacy" in poetry, it seems to me, is another big point of contention among experimentalists today, and I would assert that Keats' negative capability is the concept which paved the way for indeterminate poetics. I believe a relationship exists between the misinterpretation of "first thought, best thought" and the misuse of negative capability. People like to assume that Ginsberg, Kerouac and the Beats meant "first word, best word" or "first draft, best draft" and use their teachings, which are highly formulated methods for improvisational poetry, to justify writing whatever comes to mind. As we see with Bukowski, a poet who edited little (if at all), this work sometimes succeeds, often falls flat. The same is true for indeterminate poets whose work lacks closure. I think some poets misuse negative capability or "rejection of closure" as a means to avoid striving or thinking about

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October 2005 November 2005 December 2005 January 2006 February 2006 March 2006 April 2006 May 2006 July 2006 August 2006 January 2007 February 2007 March 2007 April 2007 May 2007 June 2007 July 2007 August 2007 November 2007 December 2007 January 2008 February 2008 March 2008 April 2008 May 2008 June 2008 July 2008 October 2008 November 2008 December 2008 February 2009 March

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their work. Poets who misuse negative capability think they can avoid essence, substance and arrival, but I think this is a big mistake because it fools poets into thinking they don't need intention or investigation and can operate solely on intuition.

Keats is also perhaps the first poet to address the idea that language is unsatisfactory for expressing ideas completely (though Shelley suggested this too). As skilled as any poet may be as word-smith, the poem will still be lacking to the thing-in-itself: be it the real triggering element of the poem or some abstract or intense thought or sensation the poet tries to grasp. Through negative capability and his understanding of the powers of and limitations of art, Keats may have been the earliest antecedent to the L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E poets of this century. Language poets, of course, understood the fallibility of linguistic expression, so they began to work with language the way a painter might work with paints, allowing for pure linguistic abstraction and/or frustration, depending on whose side you're on. Critics sometimes call Keats a "mood" poet, meaning that every single word did not have to make total logical sense in the poem. Instead, Keats' linguistic consistency depended upon creating the desired mood, a different way of hitting "the just note": *le mot juste*.

Previous to Lang-po, I look at Keats as having laid the groundwork for the High Modernists, especially Wallace Stevens, who tried and perhaps failed as much as Keats did to create “poetry of imagination” or “supreme fiction.” Like Keats, Stevens valued the imagination of the maker over the rational mind, even though I feel that Stevens, again like Keats, often wrote rational and calculated poems. Keats' influence and the influence of negative capability cannot be overstated in an existence wherein making rational sense of everyday life, let alone the “big questions,” is nearly impossible.

AF: I take most of your points. The one problem I have with the schema that would put Keats behind Language Poetry and post-avant is that one could make a valid argument that Keats, bent as he was on Romantic (maybe post-Romantic) ideas of personal feeling and personal expression, pursued aims antithetical to these movements. It helps to remember that Keats mentioned negative capability in a letter, and he was referring to Shakespeare and Shakespeare’s dramatic technique, rather than his own poetry, which is rooted very much in Romantic explorations of self and self-hood (whether this is done obliquely, as in *Grecian Urn*, or directly, as in *Nightingale* and his great sonnets.) In theory, Negative Capability (and its implicit ancillary devices, non-linearity, allusiveness, abstruse tangent writing, deferral of personal expression, etc.) fits in snugly to the post-modern ethos that dictates what many of us do. But negative capability doesn’t factor as much into Keats’ own poetry as most people tend to assume. Even when he steps beyond the personal, it is often to challenge a historical figure— *Hyperion* is a direct response to Milton—or to tell a

2009 April 2009 May 2009 December 2009 July 2016 November 2016 January 2017 February 2017 June 2017 April 2020 May 2020 July 2020 September 2020 October 2020 February 2021 March 2021 June 2021 July 2021 December 2022 June 2023 August 2023 September 2023 October 2023 November 2023 December 2023 January 2024 February 2024 March 2024 April 2024 May 2024 June 2024 July 2024 September 2024 October 2024 November 2024 December 2024 January 2025 February 2025 March 2025 April 2025 May 2025 June 2025 July 2025

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richly detailed but essentially linear story, as in *Isabella* and *The Eve of St. Agnes*. So, I like the connection of Keats to Stevens and post-avant, and I'm willing to give it some cred, but for me, Lord Byron takes the "proto-post-modern" cake. Remember that extreme self-obsession (like extreme impersonality, or anything extreme, in fact) is also a common post-modern trope—think of the self-mythologizing of Andy Warhol, Jeff Koons, Tracy Emin, Robert Mapplethorpe, not to mention poets like Bukowski and Ginsberg, and before them Williams and Pound. Byron's complete and often facetious self-absorption (pushed knowingly to the point of self-parody) paved the way for the "art of celebrity culture" or "art-in-kitsch" which dictates so much of what we've seen in the past fifty years (in the multi-media continuum of the aesthetic.)

SH: About the Net: the pros of the Internet poetry boom far outweigh the cons, i.m.h.o. It suits modern (United States) societal impulses to be able to get what you want, when you want it. In your case and mine, we publish virtually what we want, when we want to. In that sense, it's gratifying. We don't have to sift through mountainous submissions piles. As far as publishing our own work, 'zines and blogs can offer instant gratification to us like no print outlet can.

The "con" of instant gratification would seem to be instant disposability. A plethora of information means we face a choosier readership. When you purchase a print journal or collection, the tendency is to read it: it was a "monied" choice. As for my blog, people have to want to read what's there. If they aren't interested, they're a mouse click away from something different. You and I have both discussed new poetry and the prospect of the old theme of immortality through verse. I think it's pointless to think about, because we can easily lose focus on what's important: the real work we do. The value of the lifestyle we lead (internet or not) is in doing the work, the process. I think your outlook on this might differ from mine, but I respect even the untrained poet because, essentially, he/she is getting the same benefits from doing the work as I am, regardless of poetic knowledge, lineage, theory or literary history. That's not to say I find untrained poets' work interesting. More than likely, the opposite is true, but I think I can quickly discern whether or not anyone will challenge my intellect, which is a big draw for me.

In addition to the instant gratification/instant disposability dichotomy the Internet establishes, the possibility of e-books excites me. I like materials and mobility. The combination of those two things is exciting. For the poems I write now, especially "investigative" poems, I like to have synthetic linguistic fragments or ideas handy. The Internet, and its ever-growing portability, enhances these desires for me. It's the old "writerly" advice I've heard from a number of sources: always have a book, a pen and paper on hand. With notebook computers and wi-fi technology, I can have all three in one. And given the trend of technology to shrink, portability will only

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increase. William Allegrezza's *moria* e-books are quite exciting because I can access them from virtually anywhere. The authors he publishes sacrifice money for hit counts. I think I'm resigned to the idea I'll never get rich off the po-biz game, so I'd rather publish an e-book that gets 3000 hits a month than make $3000 from a print book no one reads. The attention span and eye-training it takes to read an e-book will develop, as well.

The fact of the matter is, the Internet is the hub of the counterculture. This is where you MUST be if you write differently, think differently or live differently; our circle of avant-minded poets populates the Internet. The only way around its importance is with “eminence,” which few younger poets can claim. The Internet is the only way around the taste-making large-scale corporations like Borders and Barnes and Noble. They don't carry much counterculture material *per se*; they're looking for commodities.

AF: All good points and taken. One thing I would add about the Net is its international aspect. How else could we be in daily contact with poets in Mexico, Canada, England and Australia? This, I think, is the key to the success of *Jacket* and *Otoliths*. All artists have a need for commonality, to be part of a community larger than the small milieus that they generally, inevitably inhabit. *Jacket* has been instrumental in turning post-avant from a plethora of small, insular groups into a unified, international whole. This also applies to *Otoliths*. Between them, we have two publications that everyone, or almost everyone, in the post-avant community reads. The consolidation/unification of post-avant is almost entirely due to the influence of the Net. Centrist poetry can lay claim to no such unity. Do English, Australian, and Canadian Centrist poets read American Centrist journals, and vice versa? I would wager that they don’t. *Ploughshares* in London? What I think post-avant really needs (and *Otoliths* is part of the way there) is a print equivalent of *Jacket*. If we could get in print what’s already in motion on the Web, we’d really be poised for world domination.

SH: Where does post-avant poetry need to go and why does it need to go there?

This is a difficult question. I'm going to approach it from two angles, and then go on my own tangent. First, Ray Bianchi has said in conversation that post-avant poetry (I think he called it “experimental”) needs an audience aside from poets. He compared post-avant poetics to contemporary visual art and avant-garde jazz, both of which he feels have an audience, albeit small ones, outside of the artists themselves. Regarding avant-garde jazz or improvised music or whatever they're calling it right now, I agree with Ray. Many of the local improvised music concert series in Chicago draw good-sized crowds. Sure, many of the non-musicians who go to these shows are artists, and experimental artists, in other fields, but it is an audience separate from

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the makers themselves; this is of utmost importance. People often compare modern poetics to a self-perpetuating system or “closed circle.” Post-avant seems to be an elaborately staged version of that. Even though mainstream poetry is not commercially hot, I believe occasional readers of poetry tend to buy what Barnes & Noble carries on its brick and mortar store shelves. It's a scary thought if you're an experimental or “post-avant” writer. B&N tends to carry only the APR/Poetry crowd and their predecessors.

Additionally, there's a big current push to encourage poets to make "more accessible poems." You and I have talked about creating a middle path between extremely experimental and Centrist work, but I'm not sure we've settled on an answer. Poetry, in its loftiest manifestations, must work to move human linguistic and artistic expression forward. Partisans seems almost to suggest reversion to more basic creations, to expand the public's interest in verse culture. I think it's a dangerous idea. We first must answer this question: what do we (as poets) and everyone else (potential readers) want from poetry? I myself want poetry to live up to other art forms. What I mean is, poetry seems to be years behind other art modes (visual art, avant jazz specifically), with notable forward-thinking exceptions like Gertrude Stein and her aesthetic progeny. "New Thing" jazz started happening in the mid 1960s; Abstract Expressionism in art in the 1950s. What is the poetic equivalent of these, and when did it come into fashion? Assuming Language poetry could start that answer off.

Post-avant poetry, also, might be the answer to that question in a general way (or at least some of its subsections.) I don't feel that post-avant needs to reach toward the mainstream. Eventually the mainstream and post-avant or experimental poetics will merge— that seems to be the trend. When will this happen? Not for a while. I've generally heard it said that any move to anthologize poets is way behind the current trends in poetics, sometimes 50 years behind. Pierre Joris’ and Jerome Rothenberg's *Poems for the Millennium* is perhaps the closest thing to an “anthology of the now” we have in poetry, and I don't think it's up-to-the-minute. Anthologies bring experimental verse to the classroom and seal its canonization. That's the path to mainstream readership and exposure to non-poet readers. Perhaps moves toward online anthologizing and the instantaneous possibility of the Internet will help post-avant poetry.

Speculation aside, I don't know if I'm as distressed about post-avant's lack of non-poet readership. I see a great amount of high-quality work emerging from the post-avant community, especially through editing *Seven Corners*. I like the directions post-avant is headed in: investigative poetics, destabilization of the egotistical sublime, improvisational poetics, contingent poetics, synthetic language, multilingual poetry, expanded translation, re-co-opting language through political-

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poetic experimentation, etc.—important and interesting stuff, for my money. I'm sure you notice the same thing in *P.F.S. Post*— the poets are there, the work is good, what else can we ask for? The commitment should always be to doing the work, the "real work" as Gary Snyder would say. If the work is good, the readership will follow. For me, being a poet, post-avant or otherwise, is about the process of it all, the practice, the involvement with the art and the critical discussion that it creates.

AF: I think “process orientation” is indeed important, much more than the petty rat-race that poets (myself included) often get sucked into. My own particular preference would be towards a new kind of formalism. When you say formalism, people think you mean rhyming poems, odes and Shakespearean sonnets. I don’t mean that at all. For me, formalism means, quite simply, the willingness and devoted impetus to create new forms, whether they involve conventional melopoeia or not. For me, Picasso was the ultimate formalist, though he’s been tagged “Cubist” and lots of other things. Formalism ties in to seriality, working in series; you create a new form, then bend it and twist it every which way; exploring, seeing what works, milking it. Picasso spent decades proceeding in this fashion; as did Matisse, Monet, Braque, lots of the best visual artists. I suppose you could call Robert Creeley a serial poet—he came up with a signature style, and then most of his poems became (for the most part) variations on a theme. O’Hara’s *Lunch Poems* are another good example of serial poetry composition. Yet, no one talks about Creeley or O’Hara as formalists, because, again, formalism is associated with archaisms, tepid retreads of old forms. New forms means a new language, however (as you said) oddly juxtaposed.

---

kari edwards (San Francisco, Ca, USA): "City of Dogs"

CITY OF DOGS

Often secret lover's
walled limits
places the mouth
or wound
at the water's edge

narrows led
somewhere
with nothing to give
nothing to learn

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just abundance
reminders of opulence
and degradation

dog territory
with too much
repetition of another
other
almost same
teetering edge

enough for half an arm
and distorted legs
crawling begging
faded half-tones
muted indigos
deaf crimsons
cracked and moldy ochre
reflected decay
in a dialogue of warmth

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P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

David Prater (Melbourne, Australia): "Exes & Zeroes"

EXES & ZEROES

sing/ a song of/exes &
zeroes/ just one/ now
down a maple lane/we
walk/together/talk of
breaking up/getting back
together/forever/never
whatevers/slam doors/
walking through them/
first glances/second go/
looks that kill or maim/
circumstance/rhythms/
return home/clothes/off
or on/unanswered calls/
last hopes/chance/hell/
what will we remember/
& where will we be/in
fifty beers/hello there/
what's your name/mix
with wine/hello there/
it's closing time/already/
back to mine/whatever/
see you round/the trap/
or by a traffic light/some
summer afternoon/bye/
oh hi/me again/want to
catch up/sure/name the

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place/or time/hang up/
memorise that number/
forget it/next time/see
a hole before stepping/
in it/close the door/&/
sing /with me /xx /oo

Peter Philpott (Bishop's Stortford, UK): from *Are We Not Drawn...*

From “Are We Not Drawn…”

I'm swamped
- - - and pinched
I know what I ought to do
- - - and don't
dream of escape
- - - a ship
a different shape
- - - a landscape
a stuttering play
- - - don't trust ease
the hardness
- - - the encumbrance
to be aware
- - - the grin of this world
fight against
- - - sufficient to know
there is your hand
- - - the jar, the new
the force of this
- - - never here

*

made me angry
- - - each moment
forged anew
- - - did you think for consistency?

2008 March 2008 April 2008 May 2008 June 2008 July 2008 October 2008 November 2008 December 2008 February 2009 March 2009 April 2009 May 2009 December 2009 July 2016 November 2016 January 2017 February 2017 June 2017 April 2020 May 2020 July 2020 September 2020 October 2020 February 2021 March 2021 June 2021 July 2021 December 2022 June 2023 August 2023 September 2023 October 2023 November 2023 December 2023 January 2024 February 2024 March 2024 April 2024 May 2024 June 2024 July 2024 September 2024 October 2024 November 2024 December 2024 January 2025 February 2025 March 2025 April 2025 May 2025

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among the brute material
- - - how it's pushed & harmed
do you really think you could control that?
- - - oh boy, that's another era
gone
- - - wandered away from this town
everyone leaves you
- - - & their cloying love
is what actually nourishes
- - - & the occasional rage
I name this feeling
- - - my fingernail is about to fall out
am I made less
- - - how much will I lose?
at the end
- - - everything

Diana Magallon (Colima, Mexico): Three poems

"TORTON & THE BLUEBIRDS"

One person at a time
Two Worlds
affirmation/ing

Earth Mother

and all things
and all things
and all things

. Understanding
Rocks a Spirit.

"RARA AVIS"

...bird...bird...bird...BIRD...bird... a rare bird on earth as his/her
sylvan joys million and one applause ...bird... rara rara raramuri

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"GULLIVER"

PACHYDERM |------| PACHYDERM |------| PACHYDERM

pachyderm footsteps edging our gracefull idyll

elephant footsteps rivet this graceful idyll
gracefull
d idi
d
ai
|||
|------| PACHYDERM |------|

Alison Croggon (Melbourne, Australia): "Untitled"

because a day
is made of such different things
shining and avarice
many possible swords
the dust in my hair and the petals
falling from a wet sky

because every day
comes after another day
as if past and future
actually exist
and all the people I have been
sadly and beautifully dissolve
into amber, amber

there is no way back
deep in the sky
another wound opens
wars heave their famines
over every child
and all the leaves are singing
of the strange weather

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P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Pierre Joris (Luxembourg/USA): Two Poems

READING EDMOND JABÈS

Here, the end of the word, of the book, of chance.

Desert!
Drop that dice. It is useless.

Here, the end of the game, of resemblance.
The infinite, by the interpretation of its letters
Denies the end.

Here, the end cannot be denied. It is infinite.

Here is not the place
Nor even the trace.

Here is sand.

ON MILES 13TH BIRTHDAY

& the sun rises at 7:05 a.m.
over the Habbous quarter in Casablanca
song birds that use the sky and the house
open house open to the sky to
the train vibrates walls
open to smells of Maghreb
the call of the muezzin at 4:30 a.m.
even though (even though?)

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the windows have elegant bars
speech-grilles? sight-grills?
porous borders, but borders.
The cocks have been crowing
for an hour
I have been reading Kateb Yacine
on revolution, on the necessary fight
against arabo-islamism (feeling
relieved that he did not
need to see the horrors of the nineties
in his country — that place with the
“tourist” name, “The Islands” — who
would call a country the islands?
But who would call a country simply
the West, when it clearly has all four
directions? And when can I say
that syllable made my day,
my yesterday, reading Zrika
to the last glass at dinner,
the syllable of “ahh”
comes with or from the tea —
the idea, no the aaah that
is invisible link between
mouth & mint,
sugar & green tea,
in a pot shaped, he wrote,
like the country we call
the West.

Mark Young (Rockhampton, Australia): Two Poems

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA

Even when costumed
as a cloud of
comets, light, for all
practical purposes,
travels in lines too fine
to be detected easily.

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That's why opera
is mainly words & music,
although its name derives
from the root for work
& work = energy &
energy is sometimes
light in certain wave-
lengths. But not in
this, & not enough
for dancing to be
clearly seen by. So
it calls in sick, & the
show goes on without
it. The audience
is none the wiser.

A DAY AT THE RACES

Most pathogens have
poor Latin, survive
only through their
ability to oxidize &
turn the surface
certain colours. Across
short distances the
males are nomadic
but still manage to
extend their range by
over-dubbing, Fender-
bending as it's
known in the
trade. The females
stay at home during
the breeding season,
support the patriarchy,
are supported by a
small allowance, enough
to cover living costs
& maintain their
health. Earlier & later

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though they are the true journeymen, undertake long voyages of exploration, discover new bodies of evidence or parts of speech which they then bring home pre-digested to make it easier for the following generations.

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PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Kelley White (Philadelphia, Pennsylvania): Three Image Poems

IMAGE: CRANIUM & DAHLIAS

the awful roots of the teeth exposed,
the worm tracks
of the sutures, the horrible
worms of the cranial vessels,
the awful absence
of the nose

oh eyes
what have you lost
in turning
to blossom?

IMAGE: DRIED SKELETON OF A CHILD
SHOWING VEINS & ARTERIES

It is the hook
imperfect, bent irregularly,
and the indignity
of the picture wire,
uneven, twisted, wound roughly
around itself, looping
like the veins
and arteries
we are supposed
to observe;

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what we see is the mouth,
small, uptilted,
as if reaching for air, the empty
nostrils snapped back
in that same hunger,
cheeks starved,
the heavy red aorta
a keel
in the empty boat of the thorax,

the pelvis pulled open
like shoe leather,
and the arms stretched out, pulled wide
as if in welcome, as if to embrace,
as if in running surrender to whatever horror
brought her down

IMAGE: EIGHT FETAL SKELETONS

They shouldn't be walking. Little faces, big heads,
so pleased to see us, sapling arms waving past
bowed ribs, chin up stitched toothless grin.
Small bones, big emptiness. As if
the eyes were forgotten
inside. What a company standing on their little toes.
Why stand them erect?
They should be wound
into the soft pouch of a womb,
not this wire up the back, this varnished
pedestal. They are too tall. Little darlings.
They shouldn't be walking. They should curl
like any child. Like your child. Like my child.
Like an eagle in an egg, like a stone in the bed
of the sea, like a cotyledon folded
in a lima bean.

AnnMarie Eldon (Oxfordshire, UK): "...ing over death"

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Brahma genes are said to have no boundaries depicted not as white blood or lymph presiding over death but as lilies. He was born from attendants both male and female, their cells crowding out healthy forms from solid tumours. His break from him closed in, ruled over a differing bouquet.

But Time had her emblem depicted with no represented things or normals. Her unstolen nutrients either cultures left behind or the household goddesses presided. Vedas are depicted with birds, with sacred trees, with the first two times they formed solid knowledge & liquid wisdom. Lord Brahma then was born from carcinogens to have no boundaries. I can't do theories behind the secondary meanings

Her tumours can't do theories behind the sword, with no representational things normal, pushing between the surrounding kamandalu and his hand. Genes are closed in The Rule Over Death. She is bear arms with birds, with sacred trees, with birds, with birds, with lilies. She is a serene soul and fertility goddess. Ritual dances beyond the water pot, flirting for the suruva sacrifices: goats, pigs, doves and the sport of the snake. Vishnu at the white blood lymph where tumours can't do theories behind Vedas.

Their cells break from them Carcinogens are also said to be cancers for cancer held Brahma and he the mountains for the sword, with birds, with sacred trees, with sacred trees, with birds, with no represented. Sacred trees in often open fields. And often the society, with the mountains, the white or blood. Ritual for me You are my kamandalu and a rosary respectively His vehicle is bear arms with birds, with baetylic pillars with lilies as weapons.

During tissues or a fertility, poppies have always been a check to menstruation. To represent things normal cells break from them chemically, physical, physical, physical, or mutated. This causes uncontrolled cells. Cells and a fertility. Poppies have always been a check to menstruation and a hand is the white blood or leukocytes. Leukaemia as the double-axe, is the goddess, and her travel the travel of barrenness or a fertility. Only the white

Only the goddess and travel of barrenness of sports were born from the kamandalam water pot, then it was a mother and the genes which were chemical. or mutated A huntress of malignant tumours has no boundaries. I am depicted with sacred trees, with no check to menstruation And the women would offer sacrifices such as goats, pigs, doves and the first two times they formed solid.

Chemical, is that physical, or mutated? I was a huntress of open fields I am a serene soul and I hunt in the mountains for the white blood or lymph. There we form secondary lilies I am overdepicted with male attendants. The goddess ritual dances

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differed, had a dominion of any man with no represented things normal. It was born from his eyes are chemical, his eyes are chemical, his eyes are

physical I have no boundaries. My cells a fertility. Only the hare when she was enthroned, is a serene soul and fertility no representation. Normal cells or infertility begins to birth from a secondary theory. Brahma it was, then attendants. The goddess always had been a check to menstruation. Had been a check of malignant tumours. Not all theories are cancerous, though some are white and some are blood and some are lymph. These tumours can't do theories behind household rituals.

But dances forming secondary tumours have often fallen in open fields of malignant learning in a monotheistic society. Women would offer to the sacrificial suruva, the mountains, goats, pigs, and doves. From knowledge & wisdom, Lord Brahma, with kamandalam, (the suruva missing) in each hand holds a growing goddess. Chemical, physical, or mutated, this causes uncontrolled cells to begin to crowd.

Crowds take over life and of barrenness do lilies from attendants travel. The emblem becomes depicted as blood and lymph. The depicted is represented with weapons. During tissues or infertility poppies, and barrenness of the goddess battles fertility. Rituals come from mountains and from the mountains blood and from the blood symbols. And Brahma becomes goddess.

Ritual dances for the mountains; Lord Vishnu at the white male attendants.

Lilies with no boundaries. The goddess is depicted in rule over life and the mountains, especially over the mountains. The malignant cancer turned from Brahma to the things of things, as protectresses. with baetylic pillars upon me with baetylic pillars uphold me

Ritual blood dances form secondary tumours. Tumours can't do theories behind the sky and a there is blood and a rosary respectively. Vishnu is bear and in his arms he is holding fertility tissues and me Poppies emblematic are depicted with lilies. Always a check to menstruation. Always a check to menstruation. He who sits on a lotus & his eyes are chemical and not mutated. This causes uncontrolled cells to steal nutrients from the genes. The checks are said to have always been a check.

And for the check, only the goddess dances for the cancerous; then it was enthroned, sacrificial. Plus not all cancerous, not all tumours.

Some choices.

Then it was a different goddess and the goddess becomes depicted in ruled over bouquets of lilies. The bouquets can't do theories behind cells. The Vedas travel from them. Carcinogens are chemical, physical, or mutated. This causes uncontrolled menstruation and the travel of barrenness of malignant tumours.

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A crowd begins. Plus, the tumours and the goddess, and the goddess with lilies from the carcinogens are closed in open fields of lilies. When the end of one deity forms a solid, tumours in other goddesses with no representeds to things normal- break.

Cells break from the first two time and so it has been such a long time They form secondary differeds: differeds of lilies and goats. Menstruation steals nutrients from attendants. Fertility is a huntress and as different from a goddess as a ritual dances or forms secondary tumours.

so whisper mountains, whisper blood, whisper lymph The goddess of lilies has always been unchecked to menstruation and the goddess grows from Brahma alisten "mountains, blood, poppies, lymph, dances Dances hands each hand is the blood and our love leukocytes and we grow from the Lord to gene whispers with no representations no other listeners pillars

so to whispers goddess to goddess not mutated but chemical not representeds but original not hunted but whispered not secondary but deities not bouquets but menstruating no others but our whispereds our

whispereds

Steve Halle (Palatine, Illinois, USA): "supermarket tabloid tableau"

buy one get one free
teriyaki pork tenderloin @ $9.99/each
buy one get one tom cruise,
buy one loaf Brownberry, get one
jar of Hellman's real mayonaisse
buy one katie katie holmes?!?

buy one new & improved angelina-30
get one brad-41
bye one jennifer-36 (gown by vera wang) bye

buy one more tom-43-i-feel-the-need
for katie-i-love-you-dawson-26
tom, i want your baby baby buy buy buy.

buy two (anna nicole) smooth scoops vanilla
get one (j-lo's controversial dress) sweet can of
(aisle six) pie filling free

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buy one britney's (no waiting lane three)
hit me baby
get one justin (ten items or less)
get one cameron.

buy one addicted (TGIF on ABC)
buy one cute, anorexic twin
get one crash buy one
(i watched you) pill get one
(grow up) diet
(mary kate) free

free sex sex tape one tape paris two
gena lee buy one baywatch babe
buy one colin farrell (bad boy buy) get
"unauthorized commercial
exploitation of the highly private
and confidential (FREE SEX) videotape

Good quality of information—

buy one get one free
buy one get one
get one free

"exceeds all bounds"

buy one
get one
buy one, get—

"of common human decency"

you may hate me
but it ain't no lie
baby
buy
buy
bye.

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